Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he wil find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—corrently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investgate. Upon searph of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Glelow, both suitors for hand of Derothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers, death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy shows detective typewritten letter, which was an invitation for herself and aunt to occupy with Count Bactingt, Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called out of town by pressing business. She recalls Gielow had expressed SYNOPSIS. Italian nobleman, his box at horse show, as he was called our of town by pressing business. She recails Gielow had expressed before murder intense hatred for Caruthers and believes him guilty, yet decides to help him, and with her aurt goes to his studio. Gielow has fied. His servant, Henri, telis of overhearing confession to Bantlinh. Henri thought his master insans. Henricks, concealed in room, hears all this. Hendricks goes to consult Kola, an East Indian interested in occult researches who had helped him in much previous detective work, and located in an old colonial mansion among the pullisades. Dr. Lampkin is summoned by Hendricks, who has been shot. Bullet is removed and detectben shot. Bullet is removed and detective warned not to leave his room. Hendricks' unknown enemy had tried to chloroform him in his sleep. Detective had waked just in time, but was wounded by pistol shot before he could prevent his assuliant's escape. Hendricks call for a crematory employe, who confirms the supposition that ashes found were those of human body. Miss Huntington receives letter from Gleiow in his own handwriting, postmarked at Charleston, S. C., elling of his crime and flight. Noted graphologist examines handwriting of this letter and says it is genuine. During a call on Sergt. Denham, detective of police department, Hendricks comes into postession of cuff with words written in blood over Glelow's name to effect that he was innocent, starving and confined. He starts for Glelow's studio. en shot. Bullet is removed and detect-

## CHAPTER XIII.

As they were alighting from the car at Fortleth street within sight of the Rembrandt studio building Hendricks

"As sure as you live that's Miss Huntington's carriage. I know the coachman's livery. She is up there now, try-Ing to get something out of Henri. Poor girl, she is almost insane, and it's noth-ing but natural. For all we know, her sweetheart may never lay eyes on her

"Could it be so bad as that?" asked the doctor. But Hendricks' only reply was to point towards the entrance of the

"There she is now. I think I can

make her useful, and she would like to be of service." At the carriage door she looked up

and recognized them, and, buttoning her heavy fur wraps, she stepped towards them to keep the coachman from overhearing her words.

"I have been up trying to give Henri bit of encouragement," she began. "He is almost broken-hearted. He has written me twice to-day to let him see me. Poor fellow! he thinks I ought to be able with money to do something. He is like a faithful dog. He has scarcely touched a bite to eat since his master went away."

Aguinst the white feathery background her complexion seemed almost sallow, but her eyes shone with intense brilliance.

"I am glad I happened to meet you, began Hendricks, putting on his hat again after his head had grown white with snow.

"You have the opinion of that handwriting expert," she sald; "but even his opinion will not change mine. The letter was written by Mr. Gielow."

"You were right," answered Hen-dricks, "it was." "And you now see that-that his mind was wrong, don't you?"

Hendricks' eyes went to the pave-"I have not a moment to lose," he

anid with awkward evasion, "and as I know you would be giad to lend a "Oh, do, do give me a chance," broke

in the girl, eagerly. "Well, come back to the studio. I must have a talk with Henri, and If you will assure him that I am all right it

will be a great help." "Thank you so much," she said, preceding both of the men into the hall-

way and to the elevator. When they had reached the retired carridor leading from the main hall to the studio Miss Huntington laid her tapering, gloved hand on Hendricks'

snow-covered coat. "Can you give me one single bit of

hope?" she pleaded, in a voice full of -quavers. Hendricks flushed to the eyes. "Not now-not until-I can't tell

to Henri on a certain point. "You are so good and kind," she said, huskily. "If you do not restore him to us, I shall always love you for trying something hurriedly. When he had

The r. craint he had put on his feelings forced a sort of moisture into the feet against the other and be a most fell. Henri opened the door.

"I have come back, Henri," said Miss Buntington. "These are good friends of your muster's. They are trying to ald him. You must freely tell them alt

Henri bowed and muttered his willinguess to comply with her wish as

oit, standing on an easel. It represented bent almost to the earth under a great fond of rags and scraps of paper. Beneath the picture was written the title, of the window.

"Nobody but a genius could have con- , units that way?" ceived that deep human lesson," he said to Lampkin, who was at his elbow. "It You may have noticed that he is almost is just like that in life. That woman as dark as a mulatto and with them is us ambitious in her way as a candilong, hooked nat's he was anything but

be as happy as a millionaire over a new yacht. You waste time pitying poor people; they would pity us if they had

Then drawing Henri Into an adjoin ing room, Gielow's sleeping apartment, Hendricks closed the door carefully. "Did your master leave any of hia linen here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, nearly all of it." Hendricks deliberated a moment, barely possible that it may throw a little light on our case for me to know something about the sort of linen your master wore. Did he ever wear cuffs and stood before Miss Huntington.

separable from his shirt sleeves?"
"He did, sir. It is not considered extrouble. You see, when he wanted to nature. give a touch to a piece of work while dressed to go out, or when he had just come in, he could detach the cuffs in a minute and have his hands free to "I think, no matter what it is, that

to get into his knockabout suit." "Ah, I see; and do you suppose, Henri, that you could identify one of his cuffs

if it were shown to you?"
"I think so, sir; I didn't mark his things, but they were always laundered by the same people, and they have a way of their own for marking the linen of a customer."

"What is that?" asked Hendricks, delaying the hand he had put into his pocket for the blood-stained cuff.

They had a different number for

each customer, sir. Master's number has been 1286 for several years. I'll show you. Some of his things are in the next room."

When Henri had gone out the detective took out the cuff from his pocket and examined it. He now saw what he had hitherto regarded as a manufacturer's trade-mark-the very number Henri had mentioned. Hearing the servant coming, he quickly restored the cuff to his pocket and indifferently inspected the articles Henri spread on a

"I am fully satisfied on that point," he said. "Now, I want you to give me all the information you can, and if I am able to bring him back he shall know that you helped."
"Bring him back?" gasped Henri, pal-

ing. "Do you think if he was found that it would go hard with him?"
"No, I do not," answered Hendricks,

reassuringly. "The main thing now is to find him. "I didn't think they would blame him much when they know it all," said the

servant. "He was certainly out of his Hendricks gave an impatient shrug. "I want you to tell me all you can

about this Count Bantinni. What sort



CAN YOU GIVE ME ONE SINGLE BIT OF

my master. I never could understand close friends.

engerness lighted his piercing eyes. "That was queer," he said, tenta-tively. Then, as if weighing his next question, he paused for two or three

minutes. Finally he asked: "Did the count seem to have that sort of influence with anyone else?" "He could make you do whatever he wished, sir, and you'd never know you

"You are joking now," said Hen-

dricks, but his eyes were blazing, "How do you know this?"

"I was never more serious in my life, sir. They amused themselves one night by making me play the fool. It was this way. They called me into the studio, and master told me they were going to try a harmless experiment on me, and that I must pay close attention to the count, and let nothing take may thoughts away. Then the count held up something bright before my eyes nd kept shifting it about until all at once I fell asleep, or something happened, for I never knew a thing till I found myself lying in the corner and

he count was telling me to wake up." "Hypnotism!" involuntarily escaped the lips of the detective.

That is it, sir; I was trying to think

what they called it." Hendricks stood up quickly.
"Do you know of his ever having tried which way the wind will blow tell talk | it on your master."

"Not to my knowledge, sir." Hendricks went to a table, and tearing a lenf from a notebook he wrote tinished it he folded it and gave it to

"Take this to the Herald advertising eyes of the detective, and when he office," he said, "It is very important, walked on after her he struck one of his | See that it is inserted in the Personals in the morning paper. Be sure to have

"I shall not fall, sir." Henri reached for his hat and over-

"Just a minute," said Hendricks. houghtfully. "There is one other miner paint. Your master seemed to be rather sensible about his dress. I prethey passed him, going into the recep- some he wasn't one of those fellows Hendricks paused before a picture in have them manlowed to points." "Not bim," answered Henri, "I heard

a tour-faced black-eyed Italian woman him making sport of the count for that very thing. Hendricks glanced Indifferently out

"Was the count-did he wear his

"His fingers was almost repulsive, sir. ate for a throne, and if she were to a pleasant sight. I have never under-10 cents for her load she would stood, as I said, how master could-"

terrupted the detective, "I will take that to the office myself," indicating

the scrap of paper. "Oh, I can go, sir. We often leave the studio open, and if it is the same to you I'd like to feel that I had my hand in the investigations."

"As you like, Henri."
Hendricks turned into the receptionroom where Lampkin and the heiress "Henri," he said, finally, "I think it sat exchanging desultory remarks. The doctor noticed a strange fixity in the de tective's eyes and wondered what was coming as Hendricks advanced alowly.

"You are a very courageous young "He did, sir. It is not considered ex-actly good form by men of fashion, but liberating whether I could reveal somethose cuffs saved Mr. Gielow a lot of thing to you of rather an unpleasant

handle the brush without taking time | you had better tell me," she said. "I shall try to bear it." Hendricks drew up a chair and sat down. He glanced towards the doctor as if for help, but evidently gave up any

idea of relief from that dignified quar-

"Matters have reached a very grave stage," he said, mopping his perspiring "Perhaps I ought to begin by saying that Mr. Glelow is innocent of even the slightest participation in the murder, for that must be a comforting

Miss Huntington leaned towards him ike some stiff inanimate object. "He-he is dead?" she said, under her

"No, not quite so bad as that." Hendricks raised his hand as if his gesture would correct her sumnise. "But I have reasons for believing that he is in a very, very critical position. The fact is, that he succeeded in getting a writ-

ten message to the police to the effect that he is confined in some place unknown to himself by Count Bantinni, and that he is starving to death. It is clear to me now that Bantinni is the murderer; that, through hypnotic power, he has made Mr. Gielow confess to the murder both to Henri, in person, and in letters to the police and your-For a moment the helress stared,

speechless. "It is indeed serious," went on the

detective, turning his uncomfortable gaze on the doctor. "Bantinni is undoubtedly the gullty party, and Gielow is the only witness against him. In order to carry his point-of making it appear that Gielow was guilty, and of his own accord a fugitive-he would not besitate to-"
"Oh, my God!" cried Miss Hunting-

ton, covering her face. "Is there no course open?" asked Lampkin, wrought to a painful height of sympathy by Miss Huntington's emo-

"It all depends on our capturing Bantinni and forcing him to reveal Glelow's place of imprisonment," replied the detective, "but that is more easily talked about than accomplished. Already I have turned every stone to trace him, but without a particle of success. He is the deepest villain on earth. If his own flight were questioned, he would claim that he disappeared to keep from bearing testimony against his friend, Gielow.

Just then Henri passed through the om, the advertisement in his hand. Hendricks nodded after him as he disappeared.

"I have sent him with a 'Personal' for the morning Herald. In it I offer a substantial reward for information regarding the finding of Mr. Gielow's message. I have worded it in such a way that it may bring us the young man who picked it up. That blockhead Denham a too busy to overtion him, and no of ring, and master would make a face | he must be found by us. I now know when he heard it. But it wouldn't be a why Denham had no eyes or cars for minute after they met till they would any other clews than the mysterious be drinking and laughing together like one of which he boasted. He has had a letter from Gielow such as Miss Hendricks' face changed and astrange Huntington received, and has had its genuineness guaranteed by experts. His fall will be great and sudden."

Hendricks rose. "I shall have to leave you both," he said. "Time is too valuable to spend it in useless explanations. I can do better alone just now, doctor. I am going to make another strenuous effort to locate the count. Meet me at the office at eight o'clock, and"-he turned to Miss Huntington-"do try to bear up. I promise, as soon as I hear one thing, favorable or unfavorable, that I will telephone

The young lady stood up and leaned on the back of her chair. "I shall sit near the telephone till I It looked as if Hendricks was about o object to that, but he shrugged his

hear," she said. "Please don't forget. shoulders, and, bowing low, moved backward till he was out of the room. and then they heard him walking rapidly away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Homan Contrariness.

"Wonderful how a sense of duty interferes with what had before been a pleasure and a luxury," remarked a Third avenue man to his doctor the other day. "When strawberries were first on the market and selling at Ha vana prices, my folks just couldn't do without them, and insisted in having them in plenty right up to a week ago," "What brought about the change?" "You did. When I told you that my wife and three girls were all feeling a little under the eather, you said that it was due to the changeable spring and, among other things, told me to give them plenty of strawberries. I mentioned it to them, and from that time to this they have regarded strawberries as medicine. One quart was on the table for three meals, and then my wife had hem stewed to prevent their spoiling. Still they did not go, and the washerwoman finally disposed of them at on I'll bet if you had said that they'd better leave strawberries alone they would have eaten half a bushel a day."-Detroit Free Press.

Enruest Effort. Hax-What's the matter with that man? St. Vitus' dance? Jax-No: he has the ague, but he's trying to shake it off.-Philadelphia

A New Definition. Kerrigan-O'Brien's bye has rheumatie rims on his by-sickle. Gilroy-Phwat's them?

Kerrigan-Wind bags, like y'ure

brother the alderman.-Up to Date.

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The kidneys strain or filter out the impurities in the blood-that is their Purifying your blood is not a ques-

tion of taking a laxative of physic, Does your blood run through your What the bowel-cleaner does is to

throw out the poisons confined in your bowels ready for absorption into your blood, but the poisons which are already in your blood, causing your present sickness, it leaves there. There is no other way of purifying

your blood except by means of your kidners. That is why bowel-cleaners fail to do their work—they fail to help the kid-

When you are sick, then, no matter what you think the name of your disease is, the first thing you should do is to afford aid to your kidneys by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root the great

Kidney Remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

A LONG PRAYER.

Negro Who Was Being Flogged by 11. will likewise end." "It happened," said Col. Jack Chinn, that there were two colored preachers phabiting cells in the penitentiary at Frankfort at the same time. If I remember aright both were sentenced for polygamy, but old Sam was a Methhad done something to greatly offend the warden, and the punishment decided on was an old-fashioned lashing.

Some weeks after the affair came off, Rev. Sam, whom I had known from

famed reputation through the discovery and marvelous success of Swamp-Root in purifying the blood, and thereby curing chronic and dangerous dis-eases, caused by sick kidneys, of which

some of the symptoms are given below. Pain or dull ache in back or head, rheumatism, neuralgia, zervousness, dizziness, irregular heart, sleeplessness, sallow complexion, dropsy, irrita-bility, loss of ambition, obliged to pass water often during theday, and to get up many times at night, and all kinds of kidney, bladder and uric seid troubles. Swamp-Root is sold by all dealers, in fifty-cent or one-dollar bottles. Make a note of the name, SWAMP-ROOT, Dr.

Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and remember it is prepared only by Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. To prove the wonderful merits of his great discovery he now offers to every reader of this paper a prepaid free sample bottle of Swamp-Root, which he will send to any address, free by mail.

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The great discovery, Swamp-Root, is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a sample bottle and to be sure and mention this paper when sending their addresses to Dr. Kilmer, the eminent physician. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. continue to fall on your black hide

while Jake's pra'r is agoin' on. When hs come to a final stop de punishment " Land sakes, Mars Jack, I knowed

it was all up with me den, for that igporant old nigger never did know when it was time to get up off n his knees. De fac' dat a po' human bein' was in distress wasn't gwine to make a bit of difference with bim. Well, sir, it odist parson, while old Jake was of the Baptist faith. It seems that Sam brought me out and old Jake, de old villun, started in, and as fast as he prayed the warden come down on me wid a whip dat cut like a knife. I never did want to hear a pra'r come to an end so bad in my life, but it weren't any use. Every time I thought he was mos' boyhood, was telling me about it.

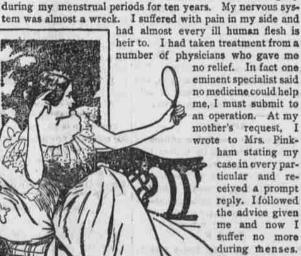
"I didn't mind de whippin' so much,
tarough old Jake took a fresh hold and
Mars Jack, ef it hadn't been for de way
down come de licks hander'a ever. old Jake seted. You see de warden he Shorely it seemed to me like he prayed said to me: "Sam, I'se gwine to whip a month, and, Mars Jack, I wants to you, and I 'low de whippin' will do you tell you right now dat I am sot against a whole heap of good. I'm gwine to let long pru'rs for de rest uv my life.' "— old Jake pray fer you, and de blows will Chicago Inter Ocean.

EALTH and beauty are the glories of perfect woman-Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of

pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves. The mark of excessive monthly sufering is a familiar one in the faces of young American women. Don't wait, young women, until

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THE **MARKS OF** SUFFERING



me and now I suffer no more during menses. If anyone cares to know more about my case, I will cheerfully answer all letters.

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